THEATRICAL SCENES FOR CHILDREN

BY KEITH ANGUS

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with the Author's compts

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(Books Bought)

THEATRICAL SCENES

FOR

CHILDREN:

ARRANGED BY

J. KEITH ANGUS,

AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN'S THEATRICALS;" "A SCOTCH PLAY-HOUSE;"
"SO SINKS THE DAY-STAR;" ETC.

"Act well your part, there all the honour lies."—POPE.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THESE scenes and tableaux have been specially selected and arranged for representation by children, and by children of a younger, and not an elder growth. In most of them there is a fairy element, as such is more intimately associated with the ideas which children are likely to form, when called upon to act. They will, therefore, take more kindly to their task.

It will be seen that they can be presented without scenic appliances, and, save when acted in conjunction with the tableaux, do not require a curtain. The theatre in the drawing-room will, therefore, be of easy and simple construction.

As to the playing the scenes, the old advice can only be repeated, that what—more particularly with something of public exhibition about it—is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. To carry off the representation of these scenes

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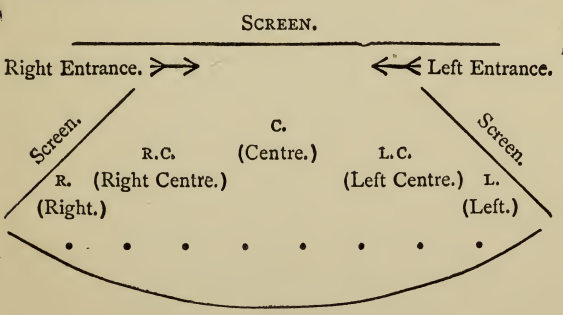
and pictures, with success, care and study must be given to learning the parts, and attending to the stage directions. There is no excuse for carelessness ; for, while the acting may give "fun" to those more immediately connected with it, it must not be forgotten that a debt is due to those who have formed an audience to listen and to see. And the only one way of paying such a debt is by striving to make the onlookers enjoy the performance.

The costumes should be correct, and tastefully arranged as to colours. As in the tableaux, if the audience be composed of children in fancy-dress, the dresses in the particular scenes may, for the sake of economy, be worn all the evening.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

THESE scenes have been arranged in a simple form, and do not require any scenic effect—indeed, from their brevity, scenic display would mar rather than improve. The idea in the adaptor's mind was a background and wings—that is, three screens—covered with green baize cloth, easily put up and removed; entailing, in erection, no hammering of nails—an objectionable visitor in a drawing-room—costing very little, and always being at hand for future performances; and last, though far from least, admirably suited for showing up the costumes and the players. Thus—



PLAN OF STAGE.

Foot-lights are not always necessary, if ordinary lights can be got from front or sides.

In the absence of these, a thick cord should be run across, in front, to divide the stage-ground from the audience.



PART I.—SCENES.

CONTENTS OF PART I.

SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT," ARRANGED FOR FOUR CHARACTERS.

SCENE FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," ARRANGED FOR TWELVE CHARACTERS, MOSTLY MINOR.

SCENE FROM "MERCHANT OF VENICE," ARRANGED FOR FOUR CHARACTERS.

☞ The ACTS and SCENES of the original text are given in the following pages, but only as guides to reference. They are, in no way, intended to create intervals or pauses, save when specially notified in the stage directions.

SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

THIS is arranged for four characters—two boys and two girls. Care must be given in the selection of the boy to play Touchstone, as the player must have a sense of humour; though little is given to Touchstone to say, the character being introduced chiefly to help in dressing the scene. The success of playing the part of Rosalind consists in the ability of the actress, when dressed as a boy, to appear as a male to Orlando, and yet as a female, in disguise, to the audience.

Orlando and another wrestler enter L., wrestling, and Orlando throws the other. Rosalind and Celia are looking on R. Rosalind to have a lady's skirt over her trunk hose which she wears as a boy. This, to save delay in changing. Celia, also, will have a better dress over the more common one necessary for her disguise. Fallen wrestler rises and goes out L.

From Act I. Scene II.

Cel. (R.) Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him.
(*Approaches* Orlando, *who bows.*)
. . . Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
(*Bows and retires* R.)

Ros. (C.) Gentleman,
(*Giving him a chain from her neck*)
Wear this for me—one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

(Orlando *puts chain round his neck and bows.*)

(*To* Celia). Shall we go?

Cel. Ay. (*To* Orlando). Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. (L.) Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which here stands up,

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

(ROS. *and* CEL. *going*—ROS. *turns back.*)

ROS. . . . Did you call, Sir?

(*Pause*). Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown

More than your enemies.

(ROS. *sighs, takes* CELIA'S *hand, and goes out* R. ORL. *sighs, looks after her, and then goes out* L. *A few bars of music.*)

FROM ACT I. SCENE III.

Enter ROS. *and* CEL. (R.)

CEL. (R.) . . . Shall we part, sweet girl?

No; let my father seek another heir,

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us: . . .

ROS. Why, whither shall we go?

CEL. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

ROS. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids, as we are, to travel forth so far!

(*Coquettishly*). Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CEL. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire . . .
The like do you; so we shall pass along
And never stir assailants.

ROS. Were it not better,
Because I am the more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—(*softly*) in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

CEL. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

ROS. (*after a pause*). I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
And what shall you be called?

CEL. Something that has a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROS. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's
court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CEL. He'll go along o'er the wide world with
me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth to-
gether;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit, that will be made
After my flight (*both moving towards* R.).
Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.
(*Both go out* R.)

FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

Enter ORLANDO L., *and pins a paper up on* R. C., *back of stage.*

ORL. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my
love;
And thou, thrice-crownèd queen of night,
survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere
above,

Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And n their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.
(*Goes off* R.)

From Act II. Scene IV.

Enter (L.) Rosalind, *dressed as a boy;* Celia *in disguise, and* Touchstone.

Ros. (R.) O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. (C.) I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go further.

TOUCH. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

ROS. (*looking about*). Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCH. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

ROS. Ay, be so, good Touchstone . . . .

(*Suddenly sees paper hung up by* ORLANDO, *goes and fetches it, and reads.*)

FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

ROS. (C., *reading*).

From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind. (*All laugh.*)

TOUCH. (R.) I'll rhyme you so eight years to-

gether: dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted . . . .

ROS. Out, fool!

TOUCH. For a taste: (*begins to make rhymes and speaks them in a sing-song fashion, giving emphasis to the last syllable of* ROSALIND'S *name, which must be made to rhyme with the end of previous line.*)

If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

(*All laugh.*)

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

ROS. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

TOUCH. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

. . . (*Goes out* R.)

CEL. (*pointing to letter*). Trow you who hath done this?

ROS. (*after a pause*). Is it a man?

CEL. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: change you colour?

ROS. (*pettishly*). I prithee, who?

CEL. It is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

ROS. (*pettishly*). Nay, but who is it? . . . I pray thee now, tell me who it is.

CEL. (*laughing*). O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful. . . .

ROS. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightest pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink of thy tidings. . .

CEL. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

ROS. Orlando?

CEL. Orlando.

ROS. (*looking at her dress*). Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?

CEL. (*looking off* L.). Soft! comes he not here?

ROS. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.

(*Both retire to* R., *at back of stage;* ORLANDO *enters* L. ROSALIND *comes forward.*)

ROS. Do you hear, forester? I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

ORL. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the forest (*pause and a sigh*); else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time, as well as a clock.

ORL. And why not the swift foot of Time?

ROS. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORL. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROS. He trots hard with a young maid between contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

ORL. Who ambles Time withal?

ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain. . . . . These Time ambles withal.

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows; for though he goes softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORL. Who stays it still withal?

ROS. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

ORL. (*pause*). Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROS. (*pointing to* CEL.). With this shepherdess, my sister; here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORL. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

ROS. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lec-

tures against it, and I thank Heaven I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole soul withal.

ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils that be laid to the charge of women ?

ROS. (*laughing*). There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfpence are ; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

ORL. I prithee recount some of them ?

ROS. No ; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could (*slowly*) meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORL. (*pause : and then deep sigh*). I am he that is so love-shaken. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROS. (*scanning him from head to foot*). There is none of my uncle's marks upon you ; he taught me how to know a man in love ; in

which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

ORL. What were his marks?

ROS. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not. . . . Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man. You are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS. Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant (*slowly*), she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in them which women still give the lie to their consciences (*surveying him*). But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so much admired?

ORL. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he (*sighing*)—that unfortunate he.

ROS. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORL. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROS. Love is merely a madness. . . . . Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORL. Did you ever cure any so?

ROS. Yes, one; and in this manner: He was to imagine me his love, and I set him every day to woo me. At which time I . . . . would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness. . . . . And thus I cured him. . . . .

ORL. (*with a deep sigh*). I would not be cured, youth.

ROS. (*gaily*). I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

ORL. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

ROS. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

ROS. (*quickly*). Nay, you must call me Rosalind. (*Crosses to* L.) Come, sister. (*All go out* L., ROS., ORL., *and* CEL.)

[*A pause must occur here, which may be either filled up by music, or by a few children brought on, dressed as hunters, to sing the glee "Under the greenwood tree." After this—*

FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ROS. *and* CEL. R., *and* ORL. L.

ROS. (C.) . . . Why, how now, Orlando, where have you been all this while? You a lover? An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORL. (L.) My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROS. (*pettishly*). Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear—Rosalind.

ROS. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

ORL. Of a snail?

ROS. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. . . . Come, woo me, woo me (*cheerily*), for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. (*Slowly and pointedly*) What would you say to me now, an I were your very Rosalind?

ORL. (*quickly*). I would kiss before I spoke.

ROS. Nay, you were better speak first; an when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. . . . . For lovers lacking matter, the . . . . shift is to kiss.

ORL. How if the kiss be denied?

ROS. Then she puts you to entreaty, and (*quickly*) there begins new matter. . . . . Am I not your Rosalind?

ORL. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROS. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

ORL. Then, in mine own person, I die.

ROS. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person—in a love-cause. . . . . Men have died from time to time . . . . but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROS. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now, I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORL. Then love me, Rosalind.

ROS. Yes, faith I will, Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

ORL. And wilt thou have me?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. (*dismayed*). What say'st thou?

ROS. Are you not good?

ORL. I hope so.

ROS. (*laughing*). Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister (*to* CELIA, *who comes to* C.), you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. . . .

ORL. (*to* CELIA). Pray thee, marry us.

CEL. I cannot say the words.

ROS. You must begin — "Will you, Orlando——"



CEL. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORL. I will.

ROS. (*quickly*). Ay, but when?

ORL. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

ROS. Then you must say—"I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

ORL. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife. . . . .

ROS. Now, tell me how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

ORL. (*sighing*). For ever and a day.

ROS. Say a day, without the ever; no, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.

(*A few bars of music as* TOUCHSTONE *enters* R.)

FROM ACT I. SCENE II.

CEL. (R. C.) How now, wit, whither wander you?

TOUCH. (R.) Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CEL. Were you made the messenger?

TOUCH. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

ROS. (L. C.) Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCH. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught; now, I'll stand to it the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

CEL. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

ROS. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCH. Stand you both forth now; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

CEL. (*stroking her chin*). By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCH. By my knavery, if I had it, then I

were ; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn ; no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any, or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard. (*All laugh.*)

(*A few bars of music, then* ROSALIND *advances to* C., CELIA *going* R., *and speaks the epilogue, Act V., Scene IV.*)

ROS. . . . . If it be true that "good wine needs no bush," it is true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes ; as good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. . . . . I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me ; my way is to conjure you, and (*laughing*) I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you ; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive, by your simpering, none of you hates them) that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked

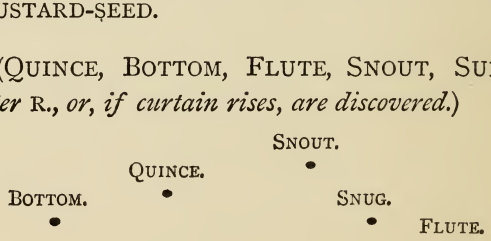
me . . . . and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces . . . . will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsey, bid me farewell (*curtseys, and is taken by the hand by* ORLANDO).

[*If there is a curtain it should fall, slowly, to music; if not, to sprightly music,* ORLANDO *leads* ROSALIND *off* L., *followed by* CELIA *and* TOUCHSTONE.

SCENE FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

THE chief character to be sustained is BOTTOM, which will require a boy of some dry humour. The other male characters are QUINCE, FLUTE, SNUG, SNOUT, all somewhat comic parts ; with PUCK and OBERON. Female part, TITANIA, with four little girls for the fairies, PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARD-SEED.

(QUINCE, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, SUNG *enter* R., *or, if curtain rises, are discovered.*)



FROM ACT I. SCENE II.

QUIN. Is all our company here ?

BOT. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

QUIN. Here is the scroll (*opens paper and peruses it*) of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and the Duchess on his wedding-day, at night.

BOT. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to a point.

QUIN. Marry, our play is—the most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

BOT. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

QUIN. Answer as I call you (*reads from paper*). Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOT. Ready. (*Quickly*) Name what part I am for and proceed.

QUIN. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOT. What is Pyramus? a lover or a tyrant?

QUIN. A lover that kills himself most gallantly for love.

BOT. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience

look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. (*A pause, and then thoughtfully*) Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant. (*Pause*) Now, name the rest of the players.

QUIN. (*from paper*). Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLU. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You must take Thisby on you.

FLU. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

QUIN. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLU. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; (*stroking chin*) I have a beard coming.

QUIN. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

BOT. (*who wishes to play all the parts, quickly*). An I hide my face, let me play Thisby too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice (*in a squeaking tone*) "Thisne, Thisne—ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!" (*All laugh.*)

QUIN. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and Flute, you Thisby.

BOT. (*disappointed*). Well, proceed. . . . .

QUIN. Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part—and I hope here is a play fitted.

SNUG. Have you the lion's part written? Pray, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUIN. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOT. (*quickly*). Let me play the lion too; I will roar, that it will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again." (*All laugh.*)

QUIN. An you do it too tenderly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek—and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL. That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOT. (*slowly*). I grant you, friends, that if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but (*looking pleased with his idea*) I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

QUIN. (*sternly*). You can play no part but

Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see on a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

(*At each piece of descriptive flattery in the above,* BOTTOM *must smile and appear highly pleased with himself.*)

BOT. (*as if conferring a favour*). Well, I will take it. (*Pause*) What beard were I best to play it in?

QUIN. Why, what you will.

BOT. (*pompously*). I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown coloured beard, your perfect yellow.

QUIN. Some of your French clowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. (*All laugh.*) But, masters, here are your parts (*giving each a play-book*), and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight, there will we rehearse. . . . . In the meantime, I will draw a bill of properties, such

as our play wants. (*Going extreme* R.) I pray you fail me not. (*Goes off* R.)

BOT. We will meet. (*To the company*) Take pains; be perfect; adieu! (*Goes off extreme* L.)

ALL. At the Duke's oak we meet. (SNUG *and* FLUTE *go off* R., SNOUT L.)

Music, and then enter (R.) OBERON *and* PUCK.

FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

OBE. (L.) . . . . Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower—
Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once,
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make a man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK. I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. (*Goes out* R.)

OBE. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes;
The next thing, then, she waking looks upon
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
Or meddling monkey, or on busy ape),
She shall pursue it with a soul of love.
(*Goes out* R.)

Enter TITANIA (L.) *with four fairies.*

FROM ACT II. SCENE III.

TIT. (C.) Come, now, a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits: sing me now to sleep. . . . .

(*The fairies here sing "Ye spotted snakes," from the play, music by G. A. Macfarren, or a good other choice of song would be, "I know a bank," from the same play. This followed by a dance, say a figure from a quadrille, and then all go off* R. TITANIA *lies down extreme* L. *Her head and shoulders need only be seen on stage, a cushion being pushed under her head.*)

OBERON *and* PUCK *enter* R. PUCK *gives* OBERON *a leaf.* OBERON *crosses stage on tip-toe, and squeezes juice into* TITANIA'S *eye.*

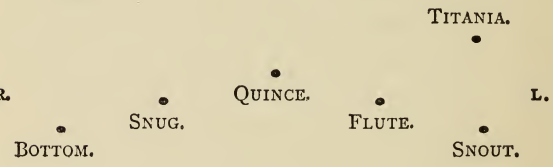
OBE. Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and anguish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake when some vile thing is near.

(*Goes off past* TITANIA, L., *and beckons* PUCK, *who follows.*

From the entrance of these two till their exit low music should be played.)

After a pause, enter (R.) QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT. *They do not see* TITANIA.

Positions:—



FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

BOT. Are we all met?

QUIN. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green spot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

BOT. (*solemnly*). Peter Quince——

QUIN. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

BOT. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill him-

self, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that? . . .

FLUTE. I believe we must leave the killing out when all is done.

BOT. (*proudly*). Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom, the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

QUIN. Well, we will have such a prologue. . . . .

SNOUT. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion? . . . .

SNUG. I fear it, I promise you.

BOT. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in . . . . a lion among ladies is a most fearful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to it.

SNOUT. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOT. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's

neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, nor to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were a pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are; and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

QUIN. Well, it shall be so. (*Thoughtfully*) But there is two hard things—that is, to bring the moonlight into the chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

SNUG. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOT. A calendar! a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine!

QUIN. (*consulting a paper*). Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOT. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUIN. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNUG. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

BOT. Some other man must present the wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus (*arranging fingers with a visible space between the sets*), and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUIN. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into the brake. . . . (PUCK *trips across stage, behind them,* L. *to* R., *and goes out.*) Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

(BOTTOM *and* FLUTE *advance a pace.*)

BOT. (*as if acting*). Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet——

QUIN. (*correcting him*). Odours, odours.

BOT. (*as before*). . . . odours savours sweet;

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear (*a noise outside* R.).

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear.

(*Goes out* R.)

FLUTE. Must I speak now?

QUIN. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

(*Re-enter* BOTTOM R., *with an ass's head over his own head.* PUCK *in the background, unnoticed by the company. All start back affrighted, towards* L. BOTTOM *crosses to* L., *and the others get towards* R.)

QUIN. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

BOT. (*his voice must be distinctly heard through his mask*). Why do they run away? this is knavery of them to make me afeared.

SNOUT. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

BOT. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; do you?

QUIN. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

(*All go out* R.; *leaving* PUCK *and* BOTTOM.)

PUCK (*aside*). I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier. . . . (*Goes out* R.)

BOT. (R. C.) I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

(*Sings.*)

The woosel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill,—

TIT. (*waking*). What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

BOT. (*continuing song*)—

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;—

(*laughing*), for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry cuckoo never so?

TIT. (L., *rising and getting to* L. C.) I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

Mine ear is much enamour'd with thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

BOT. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together, now-a-days: the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. . . .

TIT. Thou art wise as thou art beautiful.

BOT. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

TIT. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,

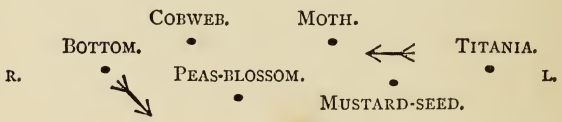
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressèd flower dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go,—
(*Goes to* C. *and calls to* L.)
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

(*Enter four fairies—those who have previously appeared will do—each, as the name is called: they kneel before* TITANIA.)

PEAS. Ready.
COB. And I.
MOTH. And I.
MUST. And I.
ALL. Where shall we go?
TIT. (C.) Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries;

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes. . . . .
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

(TITANIA *crosses to* L; *fairies*, C., *rise.*)



BOT. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily. I beseech your worship's name?

COB. Cobweb.

BOT. I shall desire more of your acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. (*To* PEAS-BLOSSOM) Your name, honest gentleman?

PEAS. Peas-blossom.

BOT. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peas-blossom, I shall desire more of your acquaintance too. (*To* MUSTARD-SEED) Your name, I beseech you, sir?

MUST. Mustard-seed.

BOT. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

TIT. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
. . . Bring him silently.

(*All go out* L.; *music for a little time, then enter* OBERON R.)

From Act III. Scene II.

Obe. (l.) I wonder if Titania be awaken'd. . . .

Enter Puck, r.

Puck (r.) My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to a close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play. . .
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head. . . .
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly. . . .
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:

When, in that moment, (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass. (*Both go out* R.)

(*After a few bars of music, re-enter* TITANIA, L., *leaning on* BOTTOM'S *arm, followed by the four fairies, who carry two cushions and lay them down* R. C.)

FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

TIT. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
(*Both sit on the cushions.*)

BOT. Where's Peas-blossom?

PEAS. Ready.

BOT. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom. (PEAS-BLOSSOM *does so, and remains at his back.*) Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

COB. Ready.

BOT. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-

hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, . . . bring me the honey-bag . . . and have a care the honey-bag break not. . . . Where's Monsieur Mustard-seed?

MUST. Ready. . . . What is your will?

BOT. Nothing, but to help Cavalero Peas-blossom to scratch. I must to the barber's, for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

TIT. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

BOT. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

TIT. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

BOT. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

TIT. I have a venturous fairy, that shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

BOT. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. (*Stretches arms as if sleepy.*) But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

TIT. (*rising: slow music:* BOTTOM *lies down, with head on cushion*). Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
(*Four fairies go out* L.)
(*Kneeling*) So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

(*Lies down beside him,* BOTTOM R., TITANIA L., *and places her arm round his neck. Music grows louder, then fainter, and as it stops*——

Enter OBERON *and* PUCK L.; OBERON *touches her eyes with a leaf.*)

OBE. (L.) Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.
(TITANIA *wakes, starts, and rises.*)
TIT. (C.) My Oberon! what visions have I seen?
Methought I was enamoured of an ass.
OBE. There lies your love.
TIT. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

OBE. Silence awhile. — Robin, take off this head.—

(PUCK *takes off the ass's head, and goes out* R.)

Titania, music call . . .

TIT. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep! . . .

OBE. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me.

(*Loud music;* OBERON *and* TITANIA *go off* R. *As music grows fainter,* BOTTOM *awakes, sits up, and scratches his head.*)

BOT. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer . . . (*looking round*). Hey, ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! (*Rises.*) My life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! (*Smiling*) I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—(*laughs*)—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had. (*Solemnly*) The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report,

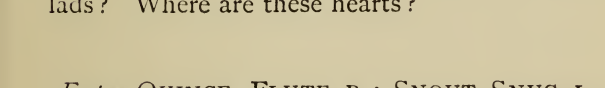
what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom. . . .

From Act IV. Scene II.

Bot. (*Pause: then shouting*). Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?

Enter Quince, Flute, R.; Snout, Snug, L.

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!



Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what. . . .

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word from me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together. . . . Every man look o'er

his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred . . . and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away!

(*Music: all go off* R.)



SCENE FROM
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

(THE ELOPEMENT OF JESSICA.)

FOR four characters, and some children for the musicians. The leading parts are taken by LORENZO and JESSICA, with minor ones by SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT. Three male and one female characters. The children who are to sing should have great pains devoted to making them perform their work in a proper and complete manner.

FROM ACT II. SCENE III.

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

JES. (R.) I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so; . . . .
But fare thee well . . . .
There's a ducat for thee;

And, Launcelot, soon at supper thou shalt see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest;
Give him this letter (*gives letter*); do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

LAUN. (L.) Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful Pagan—most sweet Jew! . . . . But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! (*Goes out* R.)

JES. (C.) Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
(*Warmly*) But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.
(*Goes out* R.)

[*A pause of a few seconds here takes place, during which music should be played, which ceasing—*

From Act II. Scene IV.

Enter Launcelot R., *and* Lorenzo L.

Lor. (L.) Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. (R., *giving letter*). An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. (*looking at letter*). I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;

And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ. (*Kisses letter.*) . . . .

Laun. (*as if going*). By your leave, sir.

Lor. (*gazing at letter which he is reading*). Whither goest thou?

Laun. (*laughing*). Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.

Lor. (*giving him a coin*). Hold here, take this; tell gentle Jessica I will not fail her; speak it privately; go. . . . .

(Launcelot *bows and goes out* L.)

(*After walking up and down the stage, during which time he reads the letter*). . . . . She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness. . . .
(*After a pause*) Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. (*Goes out* R.)

[*Music, as before, to cover brief interval, then—*

From Act II. Scene V.

Enter Shylock, L., *followed by* Launcelot.

Shy. (C., *looking towards* R., *and calling*). . . . Why, Jessica, I say?

Laun. (*imitating*). Why, Jessica?

Shy. (*turning to* L.) Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica, R.

Jess. (R.) Call you? what is your will?

SHY. (C.) I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
(*Giving keys*) There are my keys — but wherefore should I go?
(*Musing*) I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. (*Softly*) Jessica my girl,
Look to my house: I am right loath to go;
(*Vaguely*) There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

LAUN. (L.) I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

SHY. So do I his.

LAUN. . . . . You shall see a masque. . . . .

SHY. (*quickly*). What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:

But stop my house's ears—I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. (*Loudly*) By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
(*Pause: then softly*) But I will go. (*To* LAUNCELOT) Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

(*Goes towards* L., *crossing* LAUNCELOT.)

LAUN. (C., *bowing to* SHYLOCK). I will go before, sir. (*Bowing to* JESSICA, *and aside to her*) Mistress, look out at window for all this:
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye?

(*Crosses behind* SHYLOCK, *and goes out* L.)

SHY. (L., *looking after* LAUNCELOT). What says that fool?

JESS. (*shyly*). His words were, "Farewell, Mistress;" nothing else.

SHY. (*after a pause*). . . . . Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you.
Shut doors after you: "Fast bind, fast find;"
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

(*Going off* L.)

JESS. (*going off* R.) Farewell! (*aside*) and if
my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.
(*Goes off* R.; *also* SHYLOCK L., *who returns, looks across stage, and then goes off* L.)

[*Music as before; lights down, making stage somewhat dark. Enter* LORENZO, L.; *he looks about him, then goes towards* R.

FROM ACT II. SCENE VI.

LOR. (*in a loud whisper*). . . . . Ho! who's within?

JESS. (*from within*). Who are you? Tell
me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

LOR. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Enter JESSICA R. *She is dressed in boy's clothes, in the costume of a page. These clothes will have been under her female costume. She approaches him shyly at first, he having backed to* L., *then—*

JESS. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;

For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

LOR. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

JESS. (*going off* R., *and returning with casket*). Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformèd to a boy.

LOR. . . . . You must be my torch-bearer.

JESS. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They, in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

LOR. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;

For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

JESS. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight. (*Goes off* R.)

LOR. (*looking after her*). Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
(*Slowly*) For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA *with torch; stage lightens; soft music; she crosses to* L.

LOR. What, art thou come? On . . . away—
Our masquerading mates by this time for us stay.

(JESSICA *puts on an air of importance, as if she were a professional torch-bearer; then turns round and laughs; resumes staid appearance, and goes off* L., *followed by*

LORENZO. *Music becomes louder, and continues during interval.*

From R., *a low couch of cushions is pushed on towards* R. C. *of back of stage. A bull's-eye lantern throws a light, as if the moon upon it. Lights lowered; soft music, so as not to drown the speaking, all through this scene.*)

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA, L.; JESSICA *has resumed her female dress.*

LOR. (*with his arm round* JESSICA, *coming to* C.)

The moon shines bright—in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

JESS. (*softly*). In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

LOR. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

JESS. (*a pause*). In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

LOR. In such a night—
(*Pause*) Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

JESS. (*quickly*). In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

LOR. (*quickly*). In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love—(*pause; he kisses her*) and he forgave her.

JESS. (*getting away from him*). I would outnight you, did nobody come,
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.
(*Music ceases.*)

LAUN. (*without*, L.) Sola, sola, wo ha, ho!

LOR. Who calls?

LAUN. (*without*). Did you see Master Lorenzo, and Mistress Lorenzo?

LOR. Leave hollaing, man; here.

LAUN. (*entering* L.) Where, where?

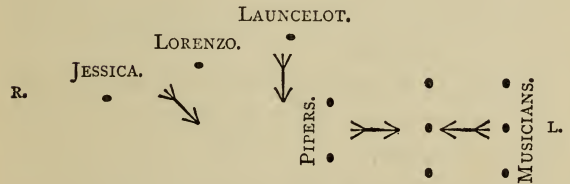
LOR. (C.) Here! (*Takes letter from* LAUNCELOT; *then to* LAUNCELOT) . . . . Bring your music forth into the air. (LAUNCELOT *goes off* L.)

(*Slow and low music, as before.*)

LOR. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit (*pointing to couch*) and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. (*Both recline on couch—that is, lean against it with their backs: sitting on stage, the moon* (*lantern*) *plays on them.*)
(*Softly*) Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

(*Music ceases: enter*, L., LAUNCELOT, *and some children dressed as musicians. Two of them have pipes and sit down on floor; the others stand* L.)



(*These musicians will have been taught to sing "Tell me where is Fancy bred," from this play, or some other part song. While they sing, the two pipers pretend to play the accompaniment, which, in reality, is given by the piano.*)

LOR. Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn.
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

(*The musicians sing one verse.*)

JESS. (*at end of song*). I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LOR. The reason is, your spirits are all attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
The savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music. . . . .
But music for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; . . . .
Let no such man be trusted.
(*Pause; and motions to musicians to continue.*)
Mark the music.

(*The musicians sing, as before. If there is a curtain, it should be let slowly down at the end of the song. If not, then, towards the close of the music,* LORENZO *and* JESSICA *should rise, bow to the musicians, and go off* L. *The musicians, on finishing, wheel off at* R.)



PART II.—TABLEAUX.

NOTES TO TABLEAUX.

In selecting these it has been deemed essential to present only scenes which are familiar to children —thus some of the old nursery tales find reproduction in the following pages. Scenes from classical and other sources, though excellent as regards the subjects of interesting pictorial events, would not be understood by a juvenile audience, nor could a company of juvenile performers be expected to enter into the spirit of dumb acting, necessary for their successful representation. In tableaux, more than in spoken scenes, the work must be thoroughly done — there is neither speech nor action to overcome errors and difficulties, and the slightest inaccuracy, caused by inattention, simply spoils the entire picture.

The delay, between the pictures—the curtain being closed or let fall, after each event—must be as short as possible, and, in many cases, it

will be found both convenient and advisable for one costume to be worn over the other. Nor must the tableau be exhibited too long.

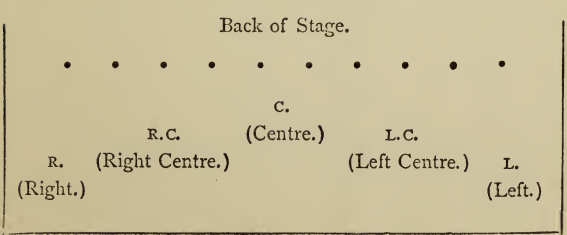
Complete steadiness is essential—and children who, in rehearsing, show a predilection to laugh, should be dismissed, as it is highly probable that they will not be able to keep quiet on the occasion of representation.

Pains should be given towards making the costumes as becoming and appropriate as possible. The incidental music will be found of service, and the beginning and ending of each scene should be announced by one stroke on a bell.



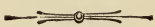
THE STAGE.

THOUGH not altogether necessary in spoken scenes, a curtain must exist in the presentation of tableaux. Whether it be pulled up, or drawn to and from the centre, is immaterial. If possible, the stage should be higher than the floor where the audience are; and if the proscenium is formed of dark-coloured cloth, shaped as if a frame, whereto the stage is a picture, a good effect will be obtained. The back of the stage and wings, one of which latter on either side is enough, should also be hung with a dark-coloured cloth. A strong light should be cast on the performers. The positions on stage are as under:—



In the event of a performance being given, consisting only of a series of tableaux, it would facilitate the dressing of the characters if the children selected were to wear, as fancy dresses, some of the costumes required in the pictures. They could thus be taken from the audience as their turn came for appearing. This, of course, in the event of the performance being given to a children's fancy-dress party.

Illustrations have been given to some of the tableaux, but these, in others, have been purposely omitted, so that the ingenuity of the performers may have a chance for originating the carrying out the idea given in the text.



SYNOPSIS OF TABLEAU PICTURES FOR USE IN MAKING OUT PROGRAMME.

1. The May Queen.

1. For I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother.
2. Crowned.

2. Boys and Girls Come Out to Play.

1. During lessons. 2. Play-time.

3. The Seasons.

1. Spring. 2. Summer. 3. Autumn. 4. Winter.

4. Christmas Eve.

1. (*a.*) Christmas brings good cheer. (*b.*) Hark!
2. The waits.

5. Cock Robin.

1. The wooing of Jenny Wren, by Cock Robin, and jealousy of the Sparrow. 2. The wedding. 3. Who killed Cock Robin? I, said the Sparrow, with my bow and arrow.

6. Once upon a Time.

1. Once upon a time there was a fairy, and——. 2. The dream.

7. The Babes in the Wood.

1. The Uncle leaving the children in the wood. 2. The birds covering the dead children with leaves.

8. Getting Ready.

1. Dressing for the dance. 2. The minuet.

9. Dick Whittington.

1. Turn again, Dick Whittington. 2. Dick marries the rich merchant's daughter. 3. Lord Mayor of London Town.

10. SWEET IF THE NIGHT BE—AH! BEWARE THE MORNING.

1. Taking spoil from the supper. 2. What the doctor thinks of it.

11. MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

1. Good-night. 2. Good morning.

12. A FAMOUS VICTORY.

1. The battle-field, after the fight. 2. Telling the story of the battle of Blenheim—'Twas a famous victory.

13. BLUEBEARD.

1. The test. 2. The stain on the key. 3. The brother to the rescue.

14. SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

1. The postman's knock. 2. Forgotten and remembered.

15. GATHER YE ROSES WHILE YE MAY.

1. Youth gathering roses. 2. Old Time.

16. Cinderella.

1. In the kitchen. 2. The good fairy. 3. Who's is this glass slipper? 4. The gift of the fairy.

17. Our Defenders.

"Ladies and gentlemen—the Army, the Navy, and Reserve Forces."

(*The curtain must fall between each picture.*)

TABLEAUX.

1. THE MAY QUEEN.

"I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen of the May."

(*A.*) On the R. of stage an elderly woman, with a child, holding her hands, and looking wistfully up in her face. At L., and at back of stage, four children; two are making a wreath of May-blossoms; one is holding up her apron, which contains the blossoms; the fourth is plucking blossoms from a branch.

Slow music: "Home, Sweet Home."

Curtain falls, and, incidental music being played in the interval, rises on—

(*B.*) In C. of stage, standing, is the girl from the previous scene, with the May-blossom crown on her head, and the four others, two on each



THE MAY QUEEN.

side, kneeling, and holding up garlands of May-blossoms.

Sprightly music: "Boys and girls come out to play."

The costumes in the above two scenes can be worn one over the other, so that no great delay will take place between the scenes. In the last, all the five will be dressed in white, with coloured ribbons. Over these, in the first scene, dark costumes should be worn. The four minor characters may be composed of boys and girls.

2. BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY.

(*A.*) Scene supposed to be interior of a school. On the wall, back of stage, maps are hanging. In two rows, facing R. of stage, the school children are seated, with books and slates in their hands. One, in the front row, has drawn a comic face on his slate, and is holding it up for those behind to see. Its position must also be so that the audience can see it. Another boy is eating an apple. One is standing up, as if replying to a question put by the master. At R., a boy, dressed in black, and with knee-breeches. A book in one hand, and a cane in the other. All remain motionless.

Music: "One, two, buckle my shoe."

(*B.*) The same scene, but without the master. At R., a boy spinning a top. The top must be fastened to floor to keep it up; the boy's arm is raised with whip, as if about to strike it. In C., in front of the benches, a boy

driving a hoop. This must also be fixed to ground, and boy in attitude of striking it. Others are standing on the forms. At extreme L., two boys are sitting on the floor, mending a kite.

Music: "Boys and girls come out to play."

(Girls may be introduced, but if the boys are all dressed alike—over their evening dress—with a black calico blouse, wide white collar, and, in picture B, old-fashioned school-boys' hats, the effect will be better.)

3. THE SEASONS.

(*A.*) Spring. A group of young-looking children, as if running home from school: some with slates, some with books, some with flowers in their hands. One fat boy, in the rear, eating a huge lump of bread.

Music: "Boys and girls come out to play."

(*B.*) Summer. Along back of stage, a set of wickets are pitched, and a boy stands, with bat in hand, as if playing cricket. At R., a girl, with tennis bat in her hand. At L., a boy and girl reading from a book. In C., a group of children, sitting, and making wreaths out of flowers.

(*C.*) Autumn. A group of children, older-looking than the previous ones, acting as reapers. Some are cutting, some are binding. In C., a boy dressed as a waggon-driver, with whip in one hand, and drinking from a big tankard.

(*D.*) Winter. A boy and girl dressed as



WINTER.

old people, and in old-fashioned costumes, with umbrella over their heads. Snow falling.

The costumes in the first three scenes should be bright and appropriate. In the last, when the curtain is down, a white cloth should be drawn across the floor. The snow is made by cutting up white paper and letting it fall gently. The paper should be thrown upwards, which brings it down in a more slow and gentle way. It must begin falling before curtain rises. It is worked by some one concealed on top of stage. The music throughout this should be taken from old English airs.

4. CHRISTMAS EVE.

(*A.*) In C. of stage, a table with supper laid upon it. Round it are seated a family. There should be an elderly couple, to represent father and mother, and the other characters young. A maid-servant with dish in her hand, and boar's head on it, approaching table. The old man should be holding up a tankard, as if about to drink. The others, all in attitude of eating. Music: "Roast Beef of Old England." After this picture has been exposed for a little, the father lays down his tankard, rises and assumes an attitude of listening. The music stops, but the voices of children, off the stage, are heard singing a Christmas Carol. This must be sung in a low key, as if heard from a distance, and the selection of the carol should be one so familiar as to be at once recognized by the audience. All at the table should, by one movement, turn their heads towards where the father is looking, and also assume an attitude of listening.

(During the interval of change of scene, the music should continue to play the carol in a low key, but join loudly in, when the curtain again rises on—)

(*B.*) A white carpet will have been pulled over floor of stage, and snow is falling. For this arrangement, see Tableau No. 3. In C. of stage a group of children, all muffled up, and facing L., are singing their carol. They must be carefully coached in this.



5. COCK ROBIN.

(*A.*) To L. of stage, a boy and girl are standing, both dressed as birds: the boy as a robin, the girl as a wren. At back of stage, R. C., a boy, dressed as a sparrow, with bow and arrow in his hand.

Music: "The young May-moon."

(*B.*) In C. of stage, a rook, dressed as a parson, is marrying Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, the boy and girl from first picture. The Robin is giving a ring to the Wren. One or two other children, dressed as birds, are standing at the sides.

Music: "Haste to the Wedding."

(*C.*) At L. of stage, Cock Robin is lying dead, with an arrow sticking out of his breast. Behind him, the Wren is kneeling. At R., the Sparrow is being held, as if in custody, by two black Rooks, one of which has the bow in his possession.

Music: "In the Gloaming."



COCK ROBIN.

(In the costumes for the above, the dresses might be varied, but it would require that sufficient plumage be worn to show the distinctive birds.)

6. ONCE UPON A TIME.

(*A.*) At L. of stage, an old man is sitting facing R. In his hand he holds a child's story-book, which must be recognized, from its cover, by the audience to be such. In front of him, and facing him, are a boy and girl, standing and listening. They both are holding their hands behind their backs, and have a look of surprise on their faces. Behind them, and at extreme R., is a girl dressed as a nurse, as if waiting to take the children to bed.

Music: "Three Blind Mice."

(*B.*) At L. of stage a small bed, with boy and girl from picture A, lying asleep. A bed "made-up" on the floor would serve as well. Stage dark. On the wall, back of stage, thrown by a magic-lantern, a familiar scene from a fairy tale must be seen. The children are supposed to be dreaming of the story told them in the previous scene.

Music; "Come where my love lies dreaming."

(If a magic-lantern slide cannot be got, then the characters from some fairy tale must be brought on to the C. of stage, and a bright light thrown on them. But any picture from a magic-lantern set would do—only, the more familiar the scene, the better will it be understood and appreciated.)



7. BABES IN THE WOOD.

(*A.*) In the C. of stage a man, dressed as a ruffian, stands, with hands crossed over his breast, and looking towards R. At his back, a girl is kneeling, holding up her hands, in an imploring attitude to him, and, beside her, a boy, looking towards L., and holding up his finger, in the attitude of listening.

Slow music: "Wae's me for Prince Charlie."

(*B.*) On a sloping cushion, so that the figures may be distinctly seen by the audience, the boy and girl are lying, entwined in each other's arms. Part of their bodies are covered with leaves, and from top of stage, at different elevations, birds are hanging, each with a leaf in its mouth.

Slow music: "The Last Rose of Summer."

(Ordinary costumes will do for the children, though dresses with some bright colour add light to the scene. The leaves



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

should be somewhat large, and the birds, robins. Both these can be got at any toy-shop. Bird-calls, used at each side of the stage, would be of use. In this case, too, it would be permissible for the birds to be hung on elastic strings, of various lengths, and, on the rising of the curtain, if all set in motion, the effect would be as if the birds were flying.)

8. GETTING READY.

(*A.*) At R. of stage, a little girl sitting, facing R., and with a kind of dressing-gown covering her dress. At her back, holding the child's hair up with one hand, and brushing it with the other, is a nurse. At L., a boy, sitting, and pulling on his stocking; at his side, a girl, as nurse, holding a fancy costume. The scene is supposed to represent a nursery, with boy and girl dressing for an evening party.

Music: "Gin a body meet a body."

(*B.*) The scene of a dance. The characters, boys and girls, lining both sides of stage, may be borrowed from the audience. They must all remain motionless while the curtain is up, and be placed in various positions. One should be asking his companion to dance, another, bowing, as if just introduced, etc., etc. But no moving about, or laughing. In C., back of stage, boy from picture A, with girl partner; in front of them, girl from picture A, with boy

partner, are in positions of bowing and curtseying, as if dancing a minuet.

Music: Minuet time.

(The costumes should all be fancy-dress.)

9. DICK WHITTINGTON.

"Turn again, Dick Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London Town."

(*A.*) Boy or girl as Dick Whittington, leaning against a milestone, and asleep. Poorly clad, and with a bundle lying by his side. Slow music: "Home, Sweet Home." Music getting very faint, a chiming of bells is heard behind stage. Dick starts up, and stands in an attitude of listening.

(*B.*) A boy, dressed as an elderly eastern merchant, giving his daughter to Dick, as his wife. Three central characters. A group of either friends, or retainers, on either side, to fill the picture.

Music (loud): "The Wedding March."

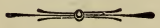
(*C.*) Dick, on an elevated stage, dressed in the robes of a Lord Mayor. He has an open paper in his hand, as if reading an address. A group of boys, dressed as counsellors, listening to him. On rise of curtain, the chiming of



DICK WHITTINGTON.

the bells is again distinctly heard, which gives way to music—"The Roast Beef of Old England."

(The two movements in picture A are permissible to render the story complete. The movement to the attitude of listening must be well done, else the effect will be lost.)



10. "SWEET IF THE NIGHT BE—AH! BEWARE THE MORNING."

(*A.*) A girl and boy being conducted from a ball. They have their wraps round them, and their hands are full of crackers, oranges, etc. This must be apparent to the audience. Footman, in livery, and maid-servant attending them.

The picture only presents them as walking across the stage, but, of course, the figures motionless.

Music: Waltz time.

(*B.*) At R. and L. of stage, two beds, with boy in one and girl in other. Their faces well powdered, so as to give them the appearance of being ill. Table in C. with the oranges and crackers. Both children are sitting up in bed making wry faces. In front of table, boy dressed as a doctor, emptying a liquid from a medicine bottle into a glass. At back of stage, the maid-servant.

Music: "Run for the Doctor."

11. MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

"GOOD NIGHT."

(*A.*) At L. of stage, a boy and girl, dressed as "Papa" and "Mamma," somewhat elderly looking. At R., a maid, holding a child by the hand. The child's head is turned towards L., as if imploring that he or she was unwilling to go to bed.

Music: "Hush-a-bye, Baby."

"GOOD MORNING."

(*B.*) A child, alone, in C. of stage, in long white night-dress, holding out a toy. Arms stretched at full length. A smile on the face. If a girl, the toy should be a doll. If a boy, a horse and cart.

Music: "Boys and girls come out to play."

(The position of the child, in picture B, must be carefully arranged, and the expression must be a happy one. The face should be three-quarters full towards audience.)



MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

12. A FAMOUS VICTORY.

(*A.*) The scene as if after a battle. A number of boys dressed in old military uniform lying as if dead on the stage. Guns and swords lying about. In C., a soldier kneeling, and supporting a wounded comrade, giving him some water out of a jug.

Music: "The Dead March."

(*B.*) "But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

A boy dressed as an old soldier, sitting, holding a book in his right hand. The sleeve of his left is buttoned to his breast, the arm being concealed under coat. He has also a wooden leg. His leg from the knee downwards he must sit upon, the ends of his coat hiding it. The wooden stump is fastened on to the knee.

He has also a black patch across his nose. In front of him, kneeling, is a little boy. While holding in his hand a toy-gun, he looks anxiously towards the old soldier.

13. BLUEBEARD.

(*A.*) On R. of stage, two girls, one holding out her hand, as if to receive the keys, which boy, dressed as Bluebeard, L., is holding. The keys must be of exaggerated size, and Bluebeard is significantly pointing to one.

Music: "Now fare you well, my own Mary Ann."

(*B.*) The two female characters, from picture A, are at C. of stage. One is kneeling and scrubbing the key, which the other is holding down to her. The scrubbing-brush must be large, and a bucket of water, with steam rising from it, should be beside the figure kneeling. A splash of red paint must be seen on the key.

Music: "Dear, dear, what can the matter be?"

(*C.*) On the L. of stage, Bluebeard holding, in left hand, his wife's hair, and in the right hand an upraised scimitar. His wife is kneeling in front of him, with her hands clasped as



BLUEBEARD.

if imploring mercy. Other female character stands, C., at back of stage, holding up both her hands, as if in fright. At R. C., young man is parrying, with drawn sword, the cut Bluebeard had been premeditating. A large watch and chain should be lying on the floor behind Bluebeard.

Music: "Soldier's Chorus."

(Costumes, Oriental. This tableau should be received in a somewhat comic light, and everything in it should be exaggerated.)



14. SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

(*A.*) In C. of stage, a girl, dressed as maid-servant, receiving a packet of letters from a boy, dressed as postman. At R. wing of stage, a number of children's heads should be seen, as if peeping out at a door. But the heads must be motionless.

(*B.*) At back of stage, a boy and girl, as papa and mamma, somewhat elderly in appearance, are sitting. In front, a boy and girl, sitting on floor, and looking at a valentine. A heap of unopened letters beside them. At extreme L., a girl, alone, and with handkerchief at her eyes, as if crying.

Second Movement.—The boy, dressed as papa, placing hand in his breast-pocket, takes out, and holds up a letter. A movement of his lips implies that he calls the child at L., by her name. She turns quickly towards him — remaining on same spot, however—and dropping handkerchief, holds out her hands in an expec-



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

tant manner. Both the figures, sitting on the floor, turn their heads towards C. Music: "The Postman's Knock," during the whole scene.

(In the second part of this tableau, no further movement than those notified above must be made, and these must be done "like clock-work." The positions on stage must not be altered.)



15. GATHER YE ROSES WHILE YE MAY.

(*A.*) At each side of stage are rows of flower-pots with rose-trees in them, and these are covered with blossoms. In centre, L.; a girl, holding up her apron, which contains cut rose-blossoms; at her R. a boy, in the act of letting a rose fall into her lap.

Music: "Young Maids must Marry."

(*B.*) The same scene, only all the blossoms must be off the tree. In C. a man and woman, very old. The man is pointing with his stick to a rose-bush.

Music: "Jock o' Hazeldean."

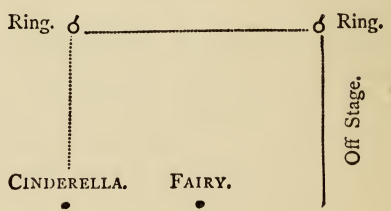
(The costumes in the above should be of an old fashion. The rose-trees can either be imitation or real. The blossoms should be imitation, with wire stems, so as to be easily taken off between the two pictures.)

16. CINDERELLA.

(*A.*) On R. of stage, a girl, meanly clad, sitting on a low stool, her hands clasped across her knees, hair hanging down her back. At L., the two sisters, well dressed, receiving a letter from a page.

Music: "How happy could I be with either."

(*B.*) Cinderella, standing C. of stage. An old woman holding wand over her. Cinderella must have her fine ball-dress under her old clothes. These old ones must be, in this scene, made to simply hang upon her, so that a string, running from them, through small ring in floor, being pulled at L. wing, will draw the old dress off; or, the string might go to top of stage, and draw the clothes to top, thus:—





CINDERELLA.

The dress being long, would cover the shoes.

Music: "Bid me discourse."

(*C.*) A boy as prince, kneeling, C., to pick up one of Cinderella's slippers. The two sisters, behind, pointing contemptuously at it with their fans. Other guests to complete ball-room picture.

Music: a waltz loudly played.

(The guests may be selected from among the audience. Being placed in position, they must remain motionless.)

(*D.*) Cinderella, dressed as in first act, on stool, in C. of stage. She has succeeded in getting the slipper on her foot. This foot must be raised above the floor, so that the audience may see it. The prince stands beside her, L. The sisters, holding up their hands in amazement, at extreme R. and L. At back of scene, the fairy, R., the prince's page, L.

Music: "Gin a body meet a body."

(In this case, also, the movement in changing dress in picture B is admissible, as, of course, the original carriage, pumpkin, &c., cannot be shown.)



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17. OUR DEFENDERS.

On rise of curtain, a boy dressed as a British soldier stands in C. of stage, with flag—the Union Jack.

Music: "British Grenadiers."

On either side, lying on floor, with head leaning on hand, and elbow on ground, heads towards the C., a sailor R., and volunteer L. After a few bars of music, sailor rises and grasps the hand of soldier—the latter crossing left hand to him.

Music: "Rule Britannia."

After a few bars of music, volunteer rises and grasps soldier's right hand.

Music: "Here Stands a Post."

After a few bars of this music, the air changes to "God Save the Queen," and the curtain slowly falls.

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